

## OBJECT TO COREY; 2 GET OUT.

## RESIGNATIONS FROM THE JAMAICA BAY YACHT CLUB.

More May Quit and Form a New Club—Not Pleased Because Haymarket Man Was Elected Rear Commodore—Made a Pot of Money Running That Resort.

There was a meeting of the Jamaica Bay Yacht Club yesterday afternoon at the clubhouse on Holland's, and after it was over it was announced that there had been two resignations from the club. It was admitted that these two resignations were due to the fact that Eddie Corey was rear commodore of the club. Corey is better known as the proprietor of the Haymarket dance hall in this city than he is as a yachtsman.

The election of Corey to an official place in the club has stirred up some forty or fifty of the members to talk of resigning and starting a new club. That the dimension in the club will decrease the membership is admitted by even the men who are sticking by Corey. The Haymarket man has many friends in the club and the persons who object to him are in the minority.

The meeting yesterday was a regular meeting of the club. Many of the members seemed to think that it had been called to discuss the past and future of the club's rear commodore. Commodore Benjamin Day presided. Afterward he called on Corey. Corey had nothing to do with the Corey incident. The rear commodore's name was not even mentioned. There was a large attendance of the members and those present subscribed \$5,000 to fill in some land that is under water. We need \$10,000 to improve this property and we won't be very long in getting the required amount of money. The very fact that \$5,000 was subscribed to-day by the members shows there is not any friction to speak of in the club.

I believe the two members who sent in their resignations to-day did so because they had some objection to Mr. Corey. Those resignations are the only ones that have been received. They will be acted on by the board of directors when they meet the first Sunday in January.

I understand some other members have expressed their intention of leaving the club and forming a new one. Of course those who are dissatisfied have that privilege. At the most Corey's election is more than forty or fifty who have expressed such an intention and that number is not one-third of the club's membership.

Mr. Corey was elected on the ticket headed by himself. The election was held a month ago. There were two tickets in the field and my ticket won by two votes for every one vote the opposition won. Certainly the members who voted for our ticket must have known what they were voting for and for whom they were voting. I'm sorry that so much has been said about the election of Mr. Corey. He has always been a gentleman in the club and I don't think there will be any serious friction to him staying in. I'm not his spokesman, but I don't think he will give up the office to which a majority of the club members elected him.

Corey and his wife are now in Europe. He opened the Haymarket seven years ago on a "shoestring." He made money so rapidly that he now owns a fine property of valuable real estate in this city, besides his home at Rockaway. A year ago he announced that he had sold his interest in the Haymarket to a group of financiers who were going to enjoy himself. The Haymarket continues to be a money maker and persons who know Corey well say he is still the real owner of the resort.

Corey is the son of a policeman. He knew how to run the Haymarket without clashing with the police. For one time he was a bouncer with Billy McGilroy when the latter ran a dive in Irving place. Corey is a boyish looking and dresses well. Just as soon as he began to run the Haymarket he began to wear good clothes and he and his wife used to dine at the Waldorf-Astoria two or three times each week.

## "STATAT MATER" HEARD AGAIN.

Sung at the Opera Concert by Mmes. Nordica and Homer, With a New Tenor.

Rossini's "Statat Mater" has lost all its religious significance as sung at the Metropolitan Opera House, else one might be moved to ask why this penitential cantata was selected for a Sunday evening concert within the holiday season. Mmes. Nordica and Homer, MM. Pianon and Pollock, and Bella Alten were the soloists, and with a full chorus attracted a large audience.

Signor Vigna indulged his fondness for reviving roccos by extending the cantata a chorus from "Nabucco." Bella Alten sang with some acidity of tone an aria, from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," and various orchestral numbers received the second part of the programme.

Mme. Nordica sang the "Inflammatus" with her customary thrilling effect. Homer's share in the music was delivered with her customary opulence and beauty of tone and M. Pianon, who resounded after an illness, delivered his part with a more artistic touch than he did last night. These features of the "Statat Mater," however, are not unknown at the Metropolitan, and the evening's performance was the singing of the young American tenor, Frank Pollock, who has not appeared there before. He divulged a lyric tenor of agreeable quality, and although by no means a finished singer, he has already learned to exhibit taste and musicianship in the use of his voice.

He came to the big note at the end of "Cujus Animam," which was due, however, to nervousness or a wholly comprehensible desire to give himself heard over the orchestra, and the accompaniment that Signor Vigna pounded out of the orchestra. The audience overlooked this slight defect in his singing and applauded warmly.

## GIFTS FOR CENTRAL.

Telephone Girls Working for Wall Street Christmas Purposes.

Telephone girls working in the downtown exchanges are receiving Christmas presents galore. A week before Christmas every year subscribers in the Wall Street district usually send the operators who answer their wires presents of some kind. The operators are forbidden to give their names over the wire, so for this purpose each girl is called a certain number so that no mistakes can be made delivering the presents. When a subscriber wants to make an operator a present and asks her for her name she politely tells him to ask the manager. The manager tells him to send it to number so and so.

Last year one girl in the Broadway exchange figured up close to \$100. From one subscriber she received \$50, and the rest she got in smaller bills. Another girl received a diamond studded watch valued at \$125. Since then the girls are all anxious to operate at the switchboard instead of acting as monitors or supervisors.

The other day a card was delivered at the John Street exchange addressed to the girl who answers such and such a number. The envelope was delivered to the operator, and she was so kind as to tell that she would not (are open it) until she got home. All the other girls thought she had received something valuable, but she found it was only a card wishing her a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

## News of Plays and Players.

"Shadows on the Hearth," a new play described as a "domestic drama," and not melodrama, is to be produced at the American Theatre at a matinee on Christmas Day.

Webster & Ziegfeld are to burlesque "The College Widow" as "The College of Widows." The Progressive Stage Society is to play "The Enemy of the People," at Berkeley Lyceum Theatre, at a matinee on Jan. 1.

## PUBLICATIONS.

"There is a peculiar dignity in the gift of a book for the holidays, which is in no way affected by its price.

Can you say the same of anything else? Why not Books for Christmas?

## LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Two young matrons were talking of a mutual friend, who is just as wealthy and as much interested in good work as they are. Philanthropy happens to be extremely fashionable just now.

"She is able to do so much good," one of the two friends said with a sigh that almost seemed envious. "Why, she has been so busy for the last three months that she can only see her children by appointment. Nurse comes to her room in the morning and it's only after she's looked through her engagements for the day that she can tell when to have the children brought to her room."

Just as the curtain was ascending on the third act at a Broadway theatre on Saturday night the occupants of the orchestra chairs were started by a ripping and tearing sound. Everybody looked in the direction whence the noise came. They saw an elderly man in evening attire pressing some large shining object vigorously against his chest. A woman who sat beside him gave a half suppressed little scream. Then she whispered:

"Don't you remember saying that your old friend would never see the light of day?" "I do now," replied the elderly man.

"I never realized until a recent Sunday," said an old New Yorker, "that Broadway is so hilly. On that day I walked from the City Hall to Fourteenth street. When I got to Worth street I could see clear up to Grace Church. I was surprised to observe the considerable grade down to Canal street, but much more so to see the thoroughfare climbed upward beyond Canal. On a week day the traffic prevents one from understanding that Broadway has ups and downs in more ways than one."

This was one of Senator Depew's stories at the Republican Club dinner: In the campaign of 1884 Mr. Blaine asked Mr. Depew to introduce him in his tour of this State. After they left Sing Sing one day Mr. Blaine asked what would be the next stop. Mr. Depew told him it was Peekskill. "What's that famous for?" asked Blaine. "Well, if you must know," replied Depew, "it was born there."

"Why," said Blaine, "I always thought you were born in Poughkeepsie."

"No," said Depew, "Peekskill has the honor."

"Then I will do the introducing to-night," said Blaine. A crowd was waiting for them at the hall and Blaine went to the speakers stand at once.

When he came within sight of the city he said, "My admiration of the beauties of the Hudson and its Palisades is put in the shade by the more impressive remembrance that in your lovely city was born the distinguished orator whom I am about to introduce to you. Gentlemen, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew."

The only sour looking man at the Republican Club dinner was Governor Chauncey M. Depew. The speeches of the former president of the club were either rambling or idealistic, and the Newburgh statesman appeared to be terribly bored. There was an expression on his face which said:

"Oh, you fellows may be all right in your way, but you've never been a business Governor."

## Patey and Bedella, the two big rhesus monkeys in the Central Park menagerie, come near being the spoonest couple in or out of the park. But Patey is getting old and indolent and he prefers to sit quietly on his little platform rather than swing on the trapeze or frisk about the cage. Bedella is more active.

Bedella was at the bars of the cage yesterday when an employee of the administration building came along at nighttime and gave her a lump of sugar. Putting it in her mouth, she sprang upon the horizontal bar and looked down at her mate. There was intense longing in his glance as he saw her take the piece of sugar out of her mouth and eat it. Monkeys are as fond of sweets as most schoolgirls and he wanted some of the delicacy, but it was hard to move.

Patey's sugar again into Bedella's mouth. Patey's longing was almost strong enough to overcome his inertia. He stood up as if to go to her, but changed his mind. He heard over the railing that Bedella climbed down from the bar and went to her mate.

He was inclined to be grouchy, but Bedella knew his weakness. She deftly parted the hair on the top of his head, pulled his ear gently and, putting her arm around his neck, caressed him. The conjugal rapture disappeared and there was only love in the eyes that looked upon her. Bedella knew.

"You've often seen a dog run after a wagon for a block or so and barking to beat the band, eh?" remarked a Third Avenue storekeeper. "Well, I saw something to-day I never witnessed before. It was a dog chasing an elevated railroad train."

"The dog belongs to a neighbor of mine and has been only a short time out of the country. An elevated train was leaving the station above and the noise made by the cars attracted the dog's attention. He ran into the street and began to bark. It seems puzzled at first, but then he saw that he was being chased by a train and he didn't know enough to stop. As the train moved on so did the noise, of course, and the fool dog followed. The strange part of the proceeding was that he swung about in short circles while following the noise, trying to catch sight of what it was that was making the racket. Not knowing what city ways he thought the cause must be on his own level.

"The train got away from him in about a block and let him standing in the street and he ran home very much mystified.

An embryonic prima donna in Mr. Conried's opera number left the telephone booth the other day just as the husband of one of the full fledged prima donnas was entering it. She heard him call up a broker's office.

"Now you say Y. Y. Z. at 37 1/2, A. B. C. at 43 and R. B. T. at 60," she said to him, "and you'll make money." Then she went to her classes.

He was contemplating something of the kind and his broker advised just the purchases the young woman had recommended. The stocks went up steadily and the opera husband sold out at a large profit. He is still wondering how such a young girl could have known so much about finance.

## HARDMAN PIANO

ITS MARVELOUS TONE and remarkable wearing qualities have earned for it the unique distinction of being "the piano that improves with use."

MORE SCHOOLS AND INSTITUTIONS have the Hardman Piano in constant use than any other make—a striking fact in itself—while the "Hardman" is the choice of the most critical musicians and music-lovers throughout the piano-playing world.

THE PIANO THAT YOU BUY must appeal to your ear by its perfection of tone, to your eye by its beauty of casing, and to your practical sense by its reputation for durability. Over sixty thousand satisfied users are proof positive that the "Hardman" possesses all of these requisites.

Whatever your circumstances, our system of easy payments makes it possible for you to own a Hardman.



Established 1842.

Hardman, Peck & Co.,  
Fifth Av. & 19th St.,  
New York.

Exhn Agents, 524 Fulton St.

## PARK LOSES A POLAR BEAR.

KLONDIKE DEAD AND A GRIEF-STRIKEN WIDOW MOURNS.

Had Been Ill but Appeared to Feel Better When the Snow Came—Means a Loss of \$2,000 to the City—Visitors' Offer of \$200 for the Skin is Refused.

Klonlike, the fine polar bear in the Central Park menagerie, died yesterday afternoon, and Mrs. Klonlike mourned about the den a grief-stricken widow.

The two were devoted to each other and used to play like children, ducking each other in the pool of water and having an occasional game of tag about the enclosure.

The big fellow had been sick only a week and it was thought on Friday that he was getting better. Yesterday morning he showed some sign of his old time spryness when he and his mate sniffed the fresh snow that had drifted into their den over night. They buried their noses in the snowbank and then sloshed about in the drift in great glee. Shortly afterward Klonlike went into the cave and lay down.

All the teasing of his mate could not get him to go outside for another frolic.

When the end finally came and he gave up the ghost with a few violent kicks his mate looked down at him and gave him a playful pat with her powerful paw. There was no response and she gave him another and then began to sniff about him.

She passed most of the afternoon in shuffling from the iron bars at the front of the den to the body of her mate. The body was allowed to remain in the cage until the hour for excluding visitors, when it was removed.

Just what was the cause of death no one about the menagerie could tell yesterday and it is likely that an autopsy will be made.

This is the third polar bear to die within a year, each worth about \$2,000. Moreover, it is not easy to get polar bears for exhibition purposes. The bear that died six months ago was lost because of an injury inflicted by a keeper who struck it on the paws several times with the iron scraper, and blood poisoning set in.

A visitor happened to see the dead animal yesterday and wanted to buy the skin. He offered \$200 for it, but was told that the city did not sell dead wild animals.

## OUTDOOR RIP VAN WINKLE.

The Play to Be Produced on the Spot Where the Scene of the Story is Laid.

CATERKILL, N. Y., Dec. 18.—An event of national interest will be the production next July of "Rip Van Winkle," with more than 300 performers in the cast, on the spot where the scene of the story is laid, on the southern slope of Katerskill Cove, near Santa Cruz Falls, which exactly answers Washington Irving's description in the "Sketch Book." As the plot of the story is wonderful, as ordinary conversation can be heard easily a distance of several hundred feet. The outlook is superbly beautiful, better than the best of the Catskills and other points of interest.

The play will follow the lines of Irving's story, and historic events which occurred during Rip's long slumber will be set forth in a striking way—the overthrow of British rule, contests with the raiding Tories and Indians and the final triumph of the Continentalists, the raising of the American flag and the substitution of Washington's features for those of King George on the tavern sign. Every detail of costume will be carried out, and the historical background most effective. The play will be under the direction of Charles Frier, stage manager, formerly with Bothern.

## SAMOANS TO THE PRESIDENT.

Send an Appeal for a Less Autocratic Government.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 18.—J. W. Jewett, the only white merchant on the island of Tutuila, has arrived here bringing a petition from the Samoans of the island to President Roosevelt appealing to him to grant them a less autocratic government than that of the United States. The petition will be turned over to Congressman Kahn to take to the President.

Tutuila, one of the leading chiefs, wrote the petition. It asks that the Samoans be allowed to pay their taxes in cash instead of in copra. The copra crop is now held by the Government till the taxes are paid. He asks for a tax of one dollar a head, all the natives, as well as the slight white residents, have signed the petition demanding a civil government in which they will have some voice.

## METEOR FELL IN THE YARD.

Was About the Size of a Baseball and Burned Into Ashes.

BOSTON, Dec. 18.—An unusual occurrence in Newton yesterday afternoon was the fall of what is supposed to have been a meteor in the yard of J. H. Robinson, at 12 Channing street.

About 5:30 o'clock several persons who were passing along the street saw a ball of fire shooting down from the sky. It was about the size of a baseball, and on striking the ground rebounded and again fell. It continued to blaze for about ten minutes. On examination of the spot where it had struck nothing remained but a handful of cinders not unlike those left by coal.

So far as can be learned the meteor is the first ever known to have fallen near Newton.

## FOOTPAD KILLS POLICEMAN.

Hold-Up Man Shoots a Mounted Member of the Peace Force of Oakland, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 18.—George Washington Brown of Oakland, a mounted policeman, was shot dead last night by a footpad who he had hailed in the street as a suspect. Several hold-ups had occurred in the neighborhood and all the police officers had been warned to arrest suspicious characters.

Brown was walking and leading his horse. He called to bicyclist Day across the street to come over. A footpad who had robbed a man half an hour before evidently thought the policeman knew of his crime and was halting him. He fired three shots, one of which went through Brown's heart. Brown died as he was being taken to the hospital. The footpad was seen running away, but the police have only a meagre description of him.

Victor Herbert's Sunday Concert.

Victor Herbert and his band filled the Majestic Theatre again last night. It was his eleventh concert this season. He gave a varied programme and in response to many encores played selections from his own compositions. The soloists were Heinrich Meyers and Blanche Duffield.

## PUBLICATIONS.

## NANCY'S COUNTRY CHRISTMAS

By Eleanor Hoyt.

"Nancy is as much better than the 'Gibson Girl' ever was as a genuine baby is better than the best imitation in wax."

—New York Sun.

Frontis, in color.

\$1.50.

## AMUSEMENTS.

## NEW AMSTERDAM

Even. 8:15. Reg. Mat. Sat. 2:15. (10:00 Mat. Wed.)

CLAW & KIDNEY. HUMPTY DUMPTY

Friday afternoon special. "Welcome Matinee."

FRANKLIN ROBERTSON. "Merry Mary Anne."

LIBERTY 24 at 10:00. LAST WEEK

Geo. M. Cohan. "Little and His Merry Company." (Johnny Jones)

Special Professional Mat. Thurs. Reg. Mat. Sat. 2:15. (10:00 Mat. Wed.)

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## AMUSEMENTS.

## EMPIRE THEATRE

40th St. & Broadway. Even. 8:15. Mat. Sat. 2:15. (10:00 Mat. Wed.)

JOHN DREW THE DUKE OF KILLICKRANKIE

MON. DEC. 20. MAUDE ADAMS

In J. M. BARRIE'S COMEDY. THE LITTLE MINISTER.

LAST 8 NIGHTS. SALE OF SEATS OPENS THURSDAY, 9 A. M.

HERALD 30. THEATRE, 34th St. & W. 4th Ave.

LAST WEEK AT THIS THEATRE. EDNA MAY SCHOOL GIRL.

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